
Title: DIARY

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I was hired by Batlin the first time we met, in Fawn. A recently shipwrecked pirate, I had escaped from the Storms as well as jail. Since then I have been in his service with no interruption nor reason to complain.

Week 1: Our first meeting was a strange one. I remember gazing around from the shores of the bay, climbing on top of a hill and seeing no signs of life. No signs of life for miles and miles around except in a spot in the middle of the bay where I perceived a shimmering city: Fawn. On my way downhill I ran into a group of men in which I recognized an old pirate friend of mine, Pilot. They were looking for manpower and I was available. Pilot introduced me to Batlin and I was in. We marched into Fawn where Batlin had some business to conduct.

Weeks later: How we got to this place, I am not certain, for I was blindfolded while we were in the doing of it. All I can say is that my master knows powerful magics, which allow us to step aside from the barriers of this physical world. Thus, I find myself in the frozen north, in the abandoned sanctuary

of a long dead people.
Here, we have slain a
Beast of Ice, and
captured a Daemon's Soul.
Soon after the Daemon
was imprisoned, I beheld
with anxious eyes a
dreadful vortex. Believe
me, I have seen many a
storm on various seas
and continents, but never
ever such a fury. It is
as if Nature herself is in
contortion.

On the third day of the
following week: At the
first streak of dawn, we
travelled overland across
the snowy wastes to the
great mountains which my
master calls the Peaks
of Skullcrusher. In the
depths beneath the
mountains, we sought
another of these
Daemons. This proved to
be a difficult task. We
had to keep a strict
watch to discover him in
his hiding place. Finally,
we trapped the second
prisoner, whose name is
Anarchy. We searched all
over the Skullcrusher
mountains for this bane.

On the last day of the
week: Then, we travelled
by magical means until we
found ourselves in the
tangled forest of the
northlands. The last
Daemon had eluded us in
the Plains of Ice, but in
his new form he was not
so swift. Now his trail
hath led us to this
ruined castle. I will finish
this entry later tonight.